

And in this madnes, if I hazard thee  
And take thy life, I deale but truly.

*Arc.* Fie Sir.

You play the Childe extreamely: I will love her,  
I must, I ought to doe so, and I dare,  
And all this justly.

*Pal.* O that now, that now  
Thy false-felſe and thy friend, had but this fortune  
To be one howre at liberty, and graspe  
Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee  
What tw'er to filch affection from another:  
Thou art baser in it then a Cutpurſe;  
Put but thy head out of this window more,  
And as I have a ſoule, Ile naile thy life too'r.

*Arc.* I thou dar'ſt not ſoule, thou canſt not, thou art feeble,  
Put my head out? Ile throw my Body our,  
And leape the garden, when I ſee her next.

*Enter Keeper.*  
And pitch between her armes to anger thee.

*Pal.* No more; the keeper's coming; I ſhall live  
To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles.

*Arc.* Doe.

*Keeper.* By your leave Gentlemen;

*Pal.* Now honeſt keeper?

*Keeper.* Lord *Arcite*, you muſt preſently to'th Duke;  
The cauſe I know not yet.

*Arc.* I am ready keeper.

*Keeper.* Prince *Palamon*, I muſt awhile bereave you  
Of your faire Coſens Company.

*Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.*

*Pal.* And me too,  
Even when you pleaſe of life; why is he ſent for?  
It may be he ſhall marry her, he's goodly,  
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice  
Both of his blood and body: But his falſehood,  
Why ſhould a friend be treacherous? If that  
Get him a wife ſo noble, and ſo faire;  
Let honeſt men ne're love againe. Once more

I would but ſee this faire One: Bleſſed Garden,  
And fruite, and flowers more bleſſed that ſtill bloſſom  
As her bright eies ſhine on ye. would I were  
For all the fortune of my life hereafter  
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricocke;  
How I would ſpread, and fling my wanton armes  
In at her window; I would bring her fruite  
Fit for the Gods to feed on: youth and pleaſure  
Still as ſhe taſted ſhould be doubled on her,  
And if ſhe be not heavenly I would make her  
So neere the Gods in nature, they ſhould feare her.

*Enter Keeper.*

And then I am ſure ſhe would love me: how now keeper  
Wher's *Arcite*,

*Keeper.* Banishd: Prince *Pirithous*  
Obtained his liberty; but never more  
Vpon his oath and life muſt he ſet foote  
Vpon this Kingdome.

*Pal.* Hees a bleſſed man,  
He ſhall ſee Thebes againe, and call to Armes  
The bold yong men, that when he bids 'em charge,  
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* ſhall have a Fortune,  
If he dare make himſelfe a worthy Lover,  
Yet in the Feild to ſtrike a battle for her;  
And if he loſe her then, he's a cold Coward;  
How bravely may he beare himſelfe to win her  
If he be noble *Arcite*, thouſand waies.  
Were I at liberty, I would doe things  
Of ſuch a vertuous greatnes, that this Lady,  
This bluſhing virgine ſhould take manhood to her  
And ſecke to raviſh me.

*Keeper.* My Lord for you  
I have this charge too.

*Pal.* To diſcharge my life.

*Keep.* No, but from this place to remoove your Lordſhip,  
The windowes are too open.

*Pal.* Devils take 'em  
That are ſo envious to me; pre'thee kill me.

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*Keeper*